

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

Honey-raising is gradually becoming the chief industry in Nevada.

The yield of one Dakota farm is given as 80,000 bushels of wheat, 8,000 bushels of barley and 12,000 bushels of oats.

Malice has during the last year put up 10,791,600 cans of corn, over 840,000 cans of sweet corn, and over 144,000 cans of lima beans. Three Portland firms have done most of this business.

It is estimated that the asbestos mines in Canada will this year put out two thousand tons, much of which is used in denaturing walls and floors and also in same time rendering them fire-proof.

In railroad building the United States far outstrips all other nations. Up to the close of 1884 there were throughout the whole world about 291,000 miles of railway, of which nearly one-half was in the United States.

The amount of wool going into consumption in Europe is much larger this year than previously, while the demand in this country is also increasing, which gives an encouraging outlook for wool growers.—*Uncle Sam's Journal.*

Reeher parties are going into the frog-raising industry on an extensive scale. They have purchased large tracts of land on the western shore of Lake Cayuga, near Canoga, N. Y., on which they will erect improvements necessary for the carrying on of such a business.—*Buffalo Express.*

There is more wool grown on each sheep than formerly, the average having doubled in twenty-five years. In 1850 the product was two or three pounds per sheep, while in 1875 it had risen to five pounds. This is due to the grading up of the common flocks and improving them with the use of merino rams.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A corn harvester has been patented in which, combined with a frame and platform, is an elevator and its driving mechanism with receiving box, all so constructed as to remove the ears of corn from the stalks and deposit them in the receiving box as the machine is drawn along the rows of corn, the stalks being left in the field.—*North Dakota Farmer.*

In the spring of 1883 the land department of the Central Pacific railroad decided to make a faithful experiment of wheat growing on the sagebrush land of Nevada without irrigation. At first the experiment was a partial failure, but this year it has proven, it is said, a most gratifying success, the land yielding fifteen bushels to the acre and the quality of the wheat being good.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The production of the Minneapolis saw mill during the season just closed was 232,333,019 feet, or more than 50,000,000 feet less than that of 1883. This decrease seems to have been largely due to the fact that the season was the shortest on record, being from a month to six weeks less than the preceding year. The fact, also, that the logs in the river have been almost completely cleaned up would seem to indicate that the result was partly owing to a decrease in the log cut as compared with preceding years.—*Chicago Mail.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The man who "expressed his opinion" at a ward caucus says he will find it by a freight train next time.—*N. Y. Independent.*

When a young college graduate comes to study law, he wants something a grade above common law.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Italy wants to borrow \$500,000 lire. As this is a very busy season with newspaper correspondents we are afraid this country can't oblige her.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The San Francisco Chronicle remarks that it is a gratifying thing when ever grow up. We didn't know they did grow up. We always said that to the girls.—*Lowell Courier.*

A correspondent wants a list of the "one hundred best books." Well, there's a well-filled pocketbook to begin with. By the way, we have forgotten the names of the other ninety-nine.—*Morrisson Herald.*

The theory that baldness is caused by heating the hair with a light would have been interesting to James H. of Egypt, who was as bald as a pumpkin. The gaillard at Tan's 3,000 years ago was a remarkably hot, either.—*Springfield Union.*

Smithers—"What do you do when you go home early in the morning a wife overcomes and your wife meets you at the front door? Johnson—"Do! I don't do anything. My wife can attend to all that. I guess you don't know my wife, do you?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Mrs. Dearmont, of Chicago, and Mrs. Waldo, of Boston, are to lunch with me to-day," said a lady to her husband. "But I hardly know what to give them." "What I would suggest," replied the husband, "is a delicate compliment to both ladies would be a dish of pork and beans."—*N. Y. Post.*

"I've been on this road ten years," said the conductor on a Southern railroad to a passenger who complained of the slow time, "and I know what I'm talking about." "Ten years, eh?" said the passenger. "What station did you get on at?"—*Harvard's Bazar.*

"I see that an Ohio postmistress has resigned her position to get married," remarked an old Benedict to his wife. "Poor thing! I pity her!" "Why so?" "Because, after the honeymoon is over, she'll have to sit up every night and wait till the male comes in."—*U. S. Mail.*

Bayley—"Say no more, Aurelia. I forbid the match. Young Spriggs is a good fellow, but he is poor." Aurelia—"But he is one of the heirs to the great Hogg estate of sixty-four millions." "Nothing of the sort, girl. He is deceiving thee." "Why, pa, I'm sure he told me that he is one of the heirs engaged to defend the will."—*Philadelphia Post.*

Mrs. Mushy—"I met Mrs. Motherwell this afternoon. What a tedious thing she is! Forever talking about that baby, you know." Martha—"But aunt—now don't be cross; did it ever occur to you that Mrs. Motherwell might think you a grain of sense when you get talking about babies?" Mrs. Mushy—"That's an entirely different thing. A dog is so interesting, you know."—*Boston Post.*

Rich had penurious notions to poor society friends—"I notice that square dinner plates are the thing now, and I've ordered ten dozen; but I'm worried about one point in serving a dinner with them." Friend—"What are you in doubt about?" "Ought I to serve round steak on these square plates?" "That depends. There may not be enough to go round, judging from the dinner you gave the other day."—*Boston Herald.*

AN OLD FAMILY.

A Name Which Has Survived Many Changes, Troubles and Temptations.

The Smiths are a numerous tribe. Who hath not known a Smith? They are an old family. History makes no mention of the time when there were no Smiths. They take their name from the trade of their founder, as do most families in some way or another. The Fletchers were arrow-makers, as their name signifies, and the Taylors, the Skinners, the Butchers, the Browsers and other familiar examples. Probably the original Smith, old Smith, father of the first "Smith" boys, was Tubal Cain, who ran a large establishment where swords and armor were fabricated in quantities to suit.

Tubal was a familiar figure to school-boys of thirty years ago, and they delighted to read "in concert," that is, in dissonance, that by the fierce red light of the furnace bright the strokes of his hammer rang. But we digress, and have been led into the digression by reflections on the antiquity of the Smith pedigree. That it is ancient is evident, that the family is still numerous and flourishing is made equally apparent by the great gathering of the Clan Smith at Peapack, N. J., when three thousand Smiths, descendants of Zachariah Smith, who settled there a century or more ago, reported for pleasure. One is readily prepared to accept the statement of the reporters, that when the three thousand Smiths sat down to dine together, three thousand Smiths feeding as one, the scene beggars description. Among so many people there were of course many types of the genus Smith. There were Smiths with raven tresses; Smiths with golden locks—called red hair by brunettes; Smiths girls—tall Smiths, short Smiths; radicals who firmly believe all Smiths are created free and equal; patriots and exclusive Smiths, from Smithborough, who wish it distinctly understood that they are the same in blood with the Smiths of Smithville, but in worldly circumstances far different. All these and many more were present. Lizzie Smith—lives there a man with a second name so circumscribed that he has not known a Lizzie Smith—a poem "written for the occasion." In this poem she remarked—

The Smiths are here with much to boast Of honors and a mightiest host Of poets, authors and divines Their words appear in golden lines.

The family tree is spreading still, And Smiths are crowding vale and hill. Three cheers for all good Smiths we say, And greet us with them all to-day.

Really, we don't know why the Smiths have not a good reason to feel that he poet was only stating the facts. For the Smiths have given to the world many men of first-class talent, if they have not swayed empires or written popular novels. A nice local poetical reason to remember the Smiths, for the name is intimately associated with a history from the time of that never to be forgotten club meeting at which Captain John Smith came so near being immolated by the first families of Virginia. Probably the doubts which are cast upon the authenticity of his narrative are due to the host of the Browns or some other clan a little less numerous than the Smiths. That "Smiths are crowding vale and hill" hardly needs demonstration, but if it did, the circumstance remarked by one speaker at Peapack, that on the borders of Cayuga Lake dwell four hundred Smiths, who hold reunions annually, would be accepted as evidence. The Smiths may fairly claim to be one of our oldest families.—*Boston Transcript.*

DETECTING COUNTERFEITS.

Experience Absolutely Necessary to Proficiency in Detection.

I, nor any one else, I believe, can tell how to detect counterfeits. There are people teaching the art, if I may so call it, by a system of "points." While I do not deprecate the school, still I think it would be of little benefit to me. I would require to see and study counterfeits rarely met with. It would be of value to a beginner, as it would lay the foundation of an education in the line which could only be acquired by long experience, as it might be years before he would come across such a bill as his teacher gave him "points" on. Here in a rush you require a quick eye and good memory, and I claim that experience is the only protection. I have handled money since 1869, with the exception of four years. During those four years new counterfeits appeared, and with them I am not familiar. If in doubt I would take the bill and study it. I would save me in the future. Some of the old counterfeits are very pronounced. In 1870 or 1871 there appeared a bill on the Traders' National Bank of Chicago, and a more miserable sample I have never seen. The country was flooded with them, but they did not last long. The next which I noticed, and a few which may still be met with, was the United States Treasury twenty dollar bill. It was considered dangerous. The counterfeits of late years are much better, being made by the photographic pen and ink process. One of the most dangerous I have ever seen was presented last week. It was ten dollars, a bill of Richmond, Ind. It had no particular peculiarities, except what is peculiar to all counterfeits—bad letter work. They succeed in shading the letters, but the line scroll work they can not accomplish. They are unable to get the fiber or put the silk thread in the paper. In some counterfeits, almost perfect, the apparently silk thread would prove to be only ink. Silver counterfeits are all alike, with a dark, lenden look. They all have a grossy feeling, and can be detected by feeling only, with the eyes shut. Gold is the most dangerous to handle, chiefly from its weight. Some fifteen years ago a twenty dollar gold piece appeared with a ring, but very light. At that time experienced men a gold piece could not undergo any manipulations and retain the ring. Upon investigation it was found that the light piece had been split by some fine process, the gold scooped out of the center and replaced with melted glass, and the halves put together again. Many other ways of taking from the weight and retaining the sound might be given. So you see, experience is necessary to proficiency in detection.—*C. Y. Marshall, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

TRY THIS AUSTRIAN METHOD OF COOKING.

Try this Austrian method of cooking calf's liver: Remove the skin from the liver, and cut it in pieces as thick as your finger, and lay them in milk for several hours. Then take them out of the milk and sprinkle them with flour; dip them in beaten egg and cover them with flour with which you have mixed a little salt. Fry them with hot dripping, and serve garnished with minced parsley.—*The Caterer.*

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Philosopher Fogg Studies Human Nature in a Railway Car.

Upon general principles Fogg could hardly be justified in doing as he did; but as he claims to have done it purely in the interest of social science, he must be excused for his seeming impoliteness and cross selfishness.

Securing an entire seat in the rail car, he laid his plans for that noblest study of mankind, namely, man—man of course embracing woman.

Presently a young woman entered the car, and seeing the vacant place beside Fogg, she ambled up to where the philosopher sat, and with the charming confusion which was quite natural in one who should presume to address so dignified a gentleman, propounded this question:

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

The temptation of having so sweet a companion in his travel was immense, but Fogg had a duty to perform. One who has devoted himself to severe study should not consult his personal pleasure. He should be firm, no matter at what cost. Therefore Fogg replied, "Yes," and he said it in a voice which could not have been calmer if he had been telling the Bible truth.

The young woman blushed, not from a suspicion of mendacity on the part of Fogg, but merely because of her timidity in speaking to a stranger. She passed on, and although there were several half-seats in the car, her modesty did not permit her to address any one of the long-haired gentlemen occupying the remaining halves, and the last Fogg saw of the damsel was her disappearing through the door at the front end of the car.

A man was the next to approach. "Engaged?" "Yes," said Fogg. The man emitted a grunt, bestowed a scornful look on Fogg, and passed on. His next attempt was successful. But he did not appear at ease. He was continually turning himself about and glaring a-rear, either at the door, through which he expected somebody to enter, or at the vacant space beside Fogg, as though he suspected the latter of being Fogg. Fogg thinks it was not the door which enchained the gentleman's attention.

But here came another lady, although older than the first young woman. Fogg braided himself in readiness for another refusal; but the lady brushed by him without looking at him, and found a seat for herself on the other side of another lady. Fogg noticed, by the coming in of several other women, that they almost invariably preferred the company of their own sex—at least in a rail car. It was past his philosophy to discover why.

While Fogg was ruminating upon this unaccountable phenomenon of the fair sex, he was suddenly aroused by a sharp feminine voice: "Is this seat taken?" Fogg shook himself into consciousness and repeated the refrain "Yes." The lady poked, corrected her brow, tossed her head, and then bowed herself with a dignified air, as though she should say, "Well, I suppose I can stand. You'll not begrudge me that privilege, you'd say?" Fogg, however, was not to be daunted; he was studying human nature, and determined to pursue his investigation on to the uttermost. He must be admitted, nevertheless, that it was quite a trial for him to sit there with a vacant seat beside him, and one of the weaker vessels standing there. Besides, the weaker vessel interfered not a little with his experiment; for a long procession of promising subjects passed by without one of the proper propinquities of the important question. No gentleman would presume to ask for a seat over which a lady stood guard, though not a few looked wistfully, and more than one of the gentlemen would have sat down without ceremony had the lady turned her head away for but an instant. A gentleman may enjoy his seat calmly and comfortably, though scores of women be standing; but to slip into a seat before a standing woman's very face is quite another matter.

But presently the train was broken. A woman of generous but cheaply clad and not particularly cleanly appearance, entered, with both arms full of parcels the contents of the least objectionable of which was a liberal junk of corn beef, wet and dripping. She brushed past the standing one, and dumped herself plump into the seat with Fogg. The philosopher was annoyed. His investigations had been interrupted. Besides, the propinquity of this woman, evidently an imported article, not to mention the corned beef, which was now bestowing its moisture upon Fogg's pantaloons—was not particularly pleasing. Fogg turned himself to a great effort, and said, "I am sorry, that seat is engaged."

"Sorry?" This the foreign female. Fogg tried again. "I say, ma'am, that seat is taken."

"To my say, ma'am, that seat is taken," said Fogg. "O, I'm a little taken," said she. "I am a self-satisfied old man, and she was exceedingly annoying. But she didn't budge. She laid come to stay, together with her bundles.

As Fogg sat there, pinched into half the space that the railroad company usually allows its patrons, he looked on with a morbid interest at the shawl fondly embracing his new, delicate-toned overcoat, and the atmosphere redolent with aniseed and gingham, and as his tortured mind reverted to that modest and attractive young woman who had first addressed him, he wished in his heart of heart that he had never undertaken the study of human nature in so unpropitious a place as a railway car.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT HE SUPPOSED.

"Is Sam Sample still living in your town?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Certainly," was the reply. "He never had any idea of moving that I know of. What made you ask?"

"I heard that he had recently purchased a bicycle."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, in that case, I naturally supposed he had gone to Wheeling."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A New Hampshire woman, aged eighty years, when asked recently how she had kept herself so vigorous and healthy, replied: "By never allowing myself to fret over things I can not help, by taking a nap and sometimes two every day of my life, by never taking my washing, ironing and baking to bed with me, and by doing all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a brain and a heart to this great universe, and that I could trust them both."—*Boston Herald.*

A Georgia farmer has a partridge that follows a hen and her chickens about the yard.

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE SPARKLING BOWL.

A Drunkard's Warning.

Touch not the sparkling bowl, Taste not its waters bright: 'Twill fill with fire thy soul, And dim thy mortal sight.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Although tis bright and fair, Its magic can't be told, Yet death lies hidden there.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: 'Twill poison with its breath: Beneath 's surface roll The seeds of strife and death.

Touch not the flowing bowl, But quench it as your foe: With grief 'twill fill thy soul, And strew thy path with woe.

Touch not the drunkard's bowl: 'Tis drunk it is as your foe: And now my mortal soul Is filled with grief and rage.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, And living streams gush out, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

Touch not the sparkling bowl: Where crystal waters flow, Detriment lies below.

COFFEE VS. BEER SALOONS.

A Plan to Meet the Wants of Young Men Who Go Abroad for "Jolly Company."

There is much talk of how best to reduce the surplus in the National Treasury. This amounts to perhaps \$90,000,000 a year. It represents that amount of taxes drawn from the people each year above what is needed for the expenses of Government. But there is a tax many times larger than this which the people pay and which, instead of being banked up in the National Treasury, is worse than thrown away. Each year the people of this country pay about \$700,000,000 for alcoholic liquors. Here is a tax nearly eight times as great as that which produces the surplus, and its reduction or abolition is a subject worthy of constant thought and effort. Many have been devoted to the cause of this, but none have as yet been wholly successful, although substantial progress has been made.

A new movement is now being set on foot in New York, from which good results are hoped for. It is the establishment of coffee-houses, modeled on the London plan, as counter-attractions to the saloons. It is argued, and with truth, that many young men fall into the drinking habit, not from a natural love of liquor, but because of the social surroundings in which liquor assumes a leading and seductive form. They often the evening's recreation after the day's work is sought in the saloon because it is the most convenient place of meeting. In the presence of liquor and among companions who drink, the young man falls an easy prey to the vice of intemperance.

Now it is proposed to have coffee-saloons as well as whisky and beer saloons; places where the warmth, attractiveness and companionship now sought in the liquor-saloons may be found, but where the refreshment shall be a cup of coffee or of tea instead of the liquor that intoxicates. It is not expected that these coffee-saloons will at once crowd out the other kind of saloons. Perhaps they never will do so. But if they divide the patronage of the liquor-saloons and take half or a share of their custom, they will have accomplished a great deal. Why not try the plan in Chicago?—*Chicago Journal.*

"COMMERCIAL ASPECTS."

What the Great Breweries Are Doing for the Prosperity of London.

The Boston Herald contains an interesting London letter giving an account of the annual Congress and Exhibition of the Brewing and Allied Trades of Great Britain. The exhibition consisted of a great collection of specimens of machinery, raw materials and products of brewing industry. The correspondent says that there was "a bewildering array of new inventions."

A paper on "The Commercial Aspect of Brewing" said that the Legislature of 1890 had imposed very heavy tax burdens on the trade, but that the industry had prospered in spite of this. "To-day, owing to the power of steam, the trade is advancing enormously." The Herald's correspondent speaks of an ingenious circular distributed among the visitors to the exhibition, one side of which was covered with useful information. Among the "useful" items were the following:

"London is the greatest city the world has ever seen. It covers 390 square miles, numbering 4,200,000 inhabitants."

"It contains more Jews than Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome more Irish than Belfast, more Scotch than Aberdeen, more Welsh than Cardiff, and 2,500 foreigners of every race and color of the globe."

"It has so many beer shops and gin palaces that, if placed side by side, they would reach from Charing Cross to Chichester, a distance of sixty-two miles."

"It has upward of 250 persons taken into custody by the police, including 20,000 arrested as drunk and disorderly, and one-third of all the Londoners consume 1,000,000 gallons of beer yearly, 10,000 gallons of spirits, 120,000 pounds of low quality tea, and only 1,000,000 pounds of coffee."—*Christian Union.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

It rum is opposed to Christianity all Christians ought to oppose rum.—*XVI Amendment.*

The road to prosperity goes directly past the distilleries, without stopping.—*Wholesale Times.*

The great scarcity of corn in Ireland and England in 1877 was a good thing, entirely to a failure of the crop, but more to a consumption of grain in the distillery.—*Rutly.*

Dr. FELTON, the energetic reformer of Georgia, has begun a vigorous warfare against the "family wine rooms" of Atlanta. He wants to get a \$10,000 license fee imposed upon them.

Wants I find every machine-shop and manufactory in the vicinity where I reside surrounded by saloons to such an extent that a man can't eat a meal or go home with his week's wages without entering them. I think a halt should be called.—*Alderman E. F. Cutler, of Chicago.*

A REFRIGERATORY talent or natural craving for some stimulant is no reason to justify its indulgence; rather the contrary, as illustrated in a morbid desire to steal. The desire or inclination we may feel to take what does not belong to us is the best possible reason why we should be on our guard to resist the first impulse in that direction. Natural inclinations are often our worst enemies when they are allowed to dominate our lives. All our natural susceptibilities are to be watched and dreaded like so many lions in our path, or infectious diseases, to which our bodies are liable when we are unprotected, or willfully where these diseases are prevalent.—*Democrat's Monthly.*

Drunk upon it—the feeling against "the saloon" as an institution, is rapidly deepening, even among men who drink liquor now and then. These open places for dissipation, for temptation for political trickery, for criminal assembly, for low talk, for profanity, for open Sabbath-breaking, for all or some of these are public pests, nuisances, menaces, curses; they have no more right to recognized existence than have gambling dens or brothels; that "men will drink" is no valid argument for factories that increase the number of drinkers, and aggravate the appetite to which they pander. No ghouls under guise of "business" has a right to prey on mankind.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

SEVENTY-SIX PER CENT. of the total number of arrests in San Francisco are for drunkenness.

LOWEST PRICES ON RECORD 800 OVERCOATS!

By means of having the money when other men wanted it pretty badly, I am enabled to place the following unprecedented bargains before the public: MEN'S OVERCOATS, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50 and up to \$20. BOYS' OVERCOATS, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up to \$10. Never sold in this town before under \$3.50, \$4.50, \$6.00 and \$25.00. No such low prices were ever offered in this town before, and perhaps never will be again.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Without a doubt I am showing the finest stock of Boots and Shoes in this town. By untiring work I have placed before the public the choicest styles and the best workmanship the market affords, and YOU are invited to call and look through my splendid stock, and I will show you the advantages I offer over all competitors.

If you wish to see the most complete line of

Underwear, Neckwear, Gloves

At lowest prices ever offered before, call soon while the assortment is unbroken.

I. A. FEIBEL THE CLOTHIER.

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE

We will sell on and after December 20th and continue until March 1st, our entire stock of

DRY & GOODS

BOOTS and SHOES, Carpets, Cloaks, Shawls, &c.

At prices to insure their rapid sale, for three reasons:

- 1st. Too many goods.
- 2d. Want the money.
- 3d. Our term of co-partnership expires by limitation March, 1887, at which time the firm will be reorganized.

ALL ACCOUNTS AND NOTES MUST BE PAID.

RICHARDS & BRO

NATIONAL HOTEL

(Formerly Jefferson House)

FRED SCHERMER, Proprietor

W. Main St., near Depot, Hillsboro.

The new management has refitted and refurbished this house in first-class style, and will assure guests the best of attention. A good table and clean, comfortable beds, two essential features of every good hotel, are not wanting at the new National.

First-Class Board by Day or Week.

Special Attention to Transient Custom.

First-Class Livery Stable Attached.

I will be pleased to welcome my old friends and acquaintances, and the public generally. When you visit Hillsboro give me a call.

FRED SCHERMER.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

The News-Herald

\$1.50 PER YEAR.